

Light It Up. by theweakestthing

Series: [stonathan week 2017 \[7\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Don't copy to another site, M/M, day 7 happy holidays, i chose 4th of july because fireworks, stonathanweek2017

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-12-24

Updated: 2017-12-24

Packaged: 2022-04-03 15:01:02

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings, No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,368

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Jonathan wasn't particularly the patriotic type, he wasn't exactly the type that had pride in anything beside his family, friends and himself, so actually celebrating the 4th of July always felt like a strange kind of hypocrisy. There was a lot of hypocrisy in the world though so Jonathan paid it no mind. Usually he went out with his mother and Will and they'd watch the fireworks out on the high school's field, that night though Jonathan was sat in one of Steve's lawn chairs watching the sun kiss the horizon as Steve retrieved some beers from inside the grandiose house.

Light It Up.

Jonathan wasn't particularly the patriotic type, he wasn't exactly the type that had pride in anything beside his family, friends and himself, so actually celebrating the 4th of July always felt like a strange kind of hypocrisy. There was a lot of hypocrisy in the world though so Jonathan paid it no mind. Usually he went out with his mother and Will and they'd watch the fireworks out on the high school's field, that night though Jonathan was sat in one of Steve's lawn chairs watching the sun kiss the horizon as Steve retrieved some beers from inside the grandiose house.

Nancy was still at school in California while Jonathan was home early from college that summer, it was just the two of them that clammy July. Without Nancy around, Jonathan was having a hard time not staring at the way Steve's shirt clung to him from the way the other had been sweating. It would just be the two of them, some beer, a pool and a free fireworks show courtesy of Steve's neighbours.

"You really wanna celebrate the 4th of July?" Jonathan asked as Steve returned to the backyard with the crate of beers in his arms. Steve set the box down beside the grill before he answered.

"Well, it's the first holiday I've had off in a year and my parents are away like they always are, it's an excuse to drink by the pool with my boyfriend and watch some fireworks I didn't pay for," Steve said, smile curled along his lips as he stared down at Jonathan holding out a beer for the other. "So yeah, I'm gonna celebrate."

"That's the real American dream," Jonathan returned, he wore his own sharp smile as he took the beer from Steve.

"We're American and it's our dream," Steve said as he pulled another lawn chair up beside Jonathan before he sat down.

"Well, happy fourth of July," Jonathan said, held the beer aloft between them waiting for Steve to clink their cans together.

The back of Steve's fingers ran up and down Jonathan's arm as the alcohol burnt its way down his throat, even though he was a college

boy, Jonathan wasn't much of a drinker. He preferred to stay sharp, he didn't want to become his father, not that drinking every now and then in college would make that happen, but it was a fear that Jonathan had all the same. Drinking with Steve was different though, it gave him a hazy buzz and left him giddy. It kind of helped him open up and relax a little, he knew that was a bad thing but he figured it wasn't such a bad thing after the hectic end of semester and the stress of meeting deadlines.

"Chill out Jonny," Steve murmured softly as he raised his beer to his mouth and took a generous sip, he continued to move his hand along Jonathan's arm.

"Yeah," Jonathan sighed and let himself unwind, he caught Steve's hand with his own and smiled at the other before taking a gulp of his own drink.

The sky burnt red as the sun dripped below the horizon, brilliant blazing deep colours, Jonathan could feel them touching his skin. The press of Steve's palm against his own was smothering and their hands were wet where they pressed together. He turned his head to watch a trail of sweat run down Steve's temple just before the other looked over at him, Steve's gentle gaze flicked down to his lips for a moment before they returned to his eyes.

They leaned into each other then, their shoulders bumped before their lips met. Their kiss was hungry and Jonathan swallowed down every stale breath that tasted like beer, the kind that Jonathan could probably never afford. Open can still on his lap, Jonathan slid his hand into Steve's hair and toyed with the tacky ends. Steve's hand was flattened against his cheek, thumb running under Jonathan's eyes, their noses rubbed together.

The darkness exploded with colour and the bang rang out a moment later, Jonathan's eyes shot to the sky. He watched the smoke rise up from the falling lights. The heavy scent of smoke and beer on that sticky July night, it was nostalgic in a way that Jonathan didn't expect, it took him off guard. How long had they been sat kissing for it to go dark without them noticing? Jonathan didn't know and he supposed that it didn't really matter.

"Isn't this usually the part when they kiss in movies?" Steve asked slyly, a mischievous little smirk spread across his lips. The colours played out in sliding shades across Steve's face and Jonathan watched in subdued awe, the light cut Steve's features sharply, Jonathan wanted to thrust his lips against every hard edge of the other.

"But we'd miss the fireworks," Jonathan said with the faux indignation of a child, teasing Steve.

"Oh, Jonny-boy you're such a romantic," Steve groined mockingly as he shook his head lightly at Jonathan.

Steve rose from the lawn chair, downed his beer while he stood over Jonathan, the younger watched Steve's Adam's apple bob for a moment or two too long. Jonathan turned away and finished his own beer, trying not to let the heat overwhelm him. Maybe this way he could play off a blush as the effects of alcohol upon him. When he pulled the can away from his mouth with a sigh Steve pulled his wrist and tugged Jonathan to his feet, he was stood so close to Steve then, there was barely a hair's breadth between them.

Jonathan just looked up at the other, beer can forgotten as it fell by their feet on the floor. As the sky lit up again Steve leaned down to capture Jonathan's lips, arm curled around him, hand pressed flat against the space between Jonathan's shoulder blades as Steve held him close. Jonathan's hands were caught between their bodies, he clutched onto Steve's shirt as the other held him firm.

Steve's tongue swiped across the seam of Jonathan's lips as bangs continued to ring out in that hot noisy night. Jonathan shuddered and opened his mouth for the other, he let Steve delve inside, for a moment Jonathan felt as though he were about to burst into flames. Steve was leaning heavily toward him, legs shuffling forward forcing Jonathan backward. Jonathan didn't really know how far they'd move, he was distracted by the way Steve's nails dragged over his scalp, he lost his sense of time and space in the suffocating touch between them.

His heel tipped the on the edge of the pool, Jonathan tried to right himself but Steve was still pushing forward and he quickly lost his battle with gravity. They crashed into the water and came apart,

finding their own way to the surface. Jonathan broke from the water, he flipped his hair back, running his fingers through it.

"Jeez Steve," Jonathan barked as he looked over at the other.

Steve smiled wide but his eyes were gentle upon Jonathan as he began to approach the other.

"You looked a little hot, I thought you could cool off," Steve said, charm oozing off of him.

"You're such a goofball," Jonathan said almost laughing, he could never stay mad at Steve for long, not that he was all that then mad anyways.

He looked up at Steve as the other continued to smile at him, the back of Steve's fingers gazed across the cut of Jonathan's cheek. Jonathan realised then that the water wasn't all that cold. Fireworks continued to burst in the sky above them, not that either of them paid it any mind.

"But you still love me right?" Steve asked, head tilted to the side and the light shining in his puppy dog eyes, he rested his hand on Jonathan's shoulder.

"Yeah, I love you," Jonathan said with a good natured sigh. He flicked water at Steve and the other snickered, they smiled at each other. "You're still a goofball though," he added, punching the other lightly on the chest. They stood in the pool staring at each other as the bursting light continued to cascade around them.